

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD •



September 卐 1945



The General's Return

FRESH from the Vatican, where Pope Pius XII had imparted his Apostolic blessing to the expanding Maryknoll family and benefactors, the homecoming of our Father General, Bishop James E. Walsh, was memorable. The Seminary Band, long on enthusiasm, short on repertoire, gave repeated renditions of "Chinatown, My Chinatown" from the Seminary steps. An interesting report by the Father General on his visit to China is given on page two of this issue.

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

Address all communications:

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, expressed the desire that Maryknoll plan a vigorous program for increasing its personnel in China as soon as the war ends. He advised us to be ready to restaff our missions in Manchuria and Korea at the earliest possible moment.

We are deeply grateful to His Excellency, Archbishop Richard Cushing, for permission to establish Maryknoll-in-Brookline. This will be a new junior seminary in New England, opening this month with an enrollment of fifty candidates. Most of the faculty members will be missionaries from the Orient, some of whom were interned by the Japanese at the outbreak of the war.

Although the Japanese have occupied the Maryknoll leper colony in South China, Father John Joyce, of Scarsdale, New York, and Father Joseph Farnen, of Baltimore, are carrying on their leper work in the hills. Father Joyce writes: "The Japanese were within ten seconds of catching us. We escaped through a back window and outran them. Many lepers have followed us to the hills, and we have built mat sheds here to house them. The work has been set back thirteen years — we are beginning all over again!"



**Cardinal
Fumasoni-Biondi**

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Since various State laws differ in their requirements for wills, write for our free booklet:

The Making of a Catholic Will.

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China Visitation

by BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH

ONE of the great privileges of my lifetime was a visit to the missions of wartime China. It took time and patience. It brought pride and consolation. China and the missions were working out a great destiny together, and it was good to see it.

Owing to war dislocations, my visit to China was very restricted as regards the area covered. One month was spent in Chungking, the capital; two months in and around Kaying, in eastern Kwangtung Province; three months in Kunming; and the remaining month in travel within China that included short visits to parts of Kwangsi and Kiangsi Provinces. Even this much movement was made possible only by the aid of the United States Army Air Force, as transportation facilities for ordinary civilians in China are now practically nil. However, if it was not possible to visit all of China territorially, it was nevertheless possible to find all of China represented in Chungking and Kunming. These two cities are not only the focal point of China's governmental and military activities, but they are the great refugee centers for the general population, as well.

People of All Sorts

I FOUND them filled with every sort and description of people, rich and poor, high and low, from every province and city and corner of China. Thus they constitute a unique cross section of the total population that could never be encountered in any other situation. The Chinese people themselves met each other for the first time in these cities of refuge; and visitors to the scene met greater numbers and more different kinds of Chinese in a short space

than ever before.

Every day of this visitation was happy, interesting, even fascinating, so great is the pleasure of finding oneself in China again. My sadness at the sight of war privation and hardship was tempered by the cheerfulness and courage of the Chinese people in breasting their sea of troubles.

China Moves On

NOT even eight years of warfare could daunt them. There was misery, everywhere, but there were the same smiles, patience, industry, energy. That is China.

What do China's sorrows include now, after all these years of war? Almost everything. Occupation, battles, bombings, blockade, economic stagnation, inflation, crop failure, famine, flood, pestilence, malnutrition, factionalism, and Communist disloyalty — such are some of the items. Yet China moves on, and the amazing part is that she does so with nobody downhearted, but all patient, cheerful, optimistic, full of rosy plans for a better future. China is accustomed to trouble, and even such additions as major war problems seem to excite little surprise. One of the most valuable lessons to be learned from China in wartime is this enduring stability of its people under all the bludgeonings and buffetings of every possible calamity and disaster. They are surely the most durable human beings in all God's creation.

The watchword of the missions during the war period was charity, and the program was to maintain the occupation of the missions and the administration of the Church where physically possible, while



Bishop Walsh learns from the Generalissimo the position of Church in China

devoting all energies to the alleviation of the miseries and needs of the people whenever and wherever they arose. This policy was established at the very outbreak of the war by Archbishop Zanin, the Apostolic Delegate, and it was of course a wisely chosen and providential one. The missionaries accordingly clung to their posts in the midst of the war although surrounded by every sort of danger and difficulty. The exceptions were those missionaries whose nationality caused them to be interned or expelled by one or other of the warring nations. This maintenance of the mission effort exacted a toll in lives and in property, as a certain number of priests and Sisters were killed in the bombing and fighting, while others died of privation, malnutrition, and disease. Mission properties were destroyed in many places; the total loss will be considerable.

Yet the period was immensely helpful to the missions. With China plunged in so much misery, it was a vital time for the missions to be there. They did not have an easy time of it. Their people were scattered, their work was interrupted, their means were slight, their hardships were many. Many of their institutions were closed; many of their buildings were bombed, burned, looted, or confiscated; most of their normal activities were suspended. They might have taken this for a signal to suspend all mission efforts at a period when any activity is so hard to carry on; but they rather looked upon the situation as an occasion to embrace new activities and create new opportunities, remembering that the role of the missionary is to help the people in any and every need that may arise. This attitude dictated the program of relief and refugee work that operated on a large scale and kept large numbers more busy and useful even than in normal times. Meanwhile, the lesson of

this sympathy, charity, and devotion was not lost on the Chinese people. Through these and other means, the mission Church became better and more widely esteemed in China than at any other time in its history.

Gratitude Earned

CHINA remains a non-Christian country, where there are as yet only four million Catholics out of a population of 459 millions, and it would be an exaggeration to say that these vast masses are now universally well disposed towards the Catholic Church. But it is not too much to say that there is a nation-wide sense of esteem and gratitude towards the Church that never existed before. This has

often been expressed officially during the war period by Chinese leaders, particularly by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek himself, and we think this attitude is shared to a large extent by the rank and file of the people. The sacrifices of the war period have changed the mission Church from a tolerated, foreign effort of unknown and dubious value to a national asset of tested friendship in the eyes of the Chinese people. This is a step, indeed a leap, forward — worth any price to make.

Among my privileges was a stay of two months with Bishop Ford and his priests and Sisters in the Kaying Vicariate. Gravely affected by the war, they yet carried on as if no war existed. I had the happiness of contacting most of the Kweilin and Wuchow missionaries here and there. I saw very few of the Kongmoon missionaries and had to be content with a cheerful message from Bishop Paschang. I also learned that Bishop Donaghy and his priests were

safe in the hills. I was disappointed at not being able to see all the Maryknoll missionaries, but on the whole I could thank God wholeheartedly for the measure of success that was accorded to me.

So I returned deeply consoled from my six months' visitation of the missions in China. I saw many cities and suffered many woes — if I may so designate the minor difficulties of long days climbing

mountains and long nights in slit trenches.

I saw much misery on the part of the people; saw mission work hampered, interrupted, stopped completely sometimes; saw missions bombed and burned, and missionaries dis-

persed and disabled; found problems and needs piled up to the sky. But I saw no discouragement, and I came back optimistic, for I saw a golden thread running through all the misery: the striking picture of the Catholic missionaries remaining with the people in their trouble, the great contribution of the Catholic missions to China in relief and refugee work and in sympathy and moral support.

We Gained Good Will

AND I saw a grateful people as the net result — and I knew that the future for the missions would be bright. We lost a lot of buildings, but we gained the good will of the Chinese nation; and I was not surprised when the Generalissimo told me that China would welcome the help of Catholic missionaries after the war, just as it would never forget their help and devotion during the war. This gives us what missionaries pray for — a good national trend and a people well disposed.



We face a good future in postwar China, but one that will demand our best efforts. At the dawn of peace, the mission Church will find itself potentially in a very strong position, and yet it will be entering upon a struggle.

A Tolerant Atmosphere

THE prestige of the Church will be widespread and considerable. The atmosphere will be tolerant, even friendly and co-operative. The national attitude will be a favorable one. The mission army will be tested and tried, experienced and strengthened, by the record of the immediate past. The native clergy will be an increasingly strong asset. The opportunities will be co-equal with the needs of China, and therefore they will be many and great. Yet

the mission Church will not conquer the new China, or indeed make any noteworthy progress towards that goal, unless it prepares itself to utilize all these opportunities by meeting the essential needs of the Chinese people. Can we be all things to all men in a changing China? It is the time to ask ourselves if we cannot ramify and extend our mission activity at this critical juncture to reach more people, and to reach them with a more compelling message. We should improve and intensify our entire mission effort. The field is prepared for us if we have the zeal, charity, and energy to launch into the work. We have a new prestige and a new opportunity. China stands ready, with its ocean of humanity waiting for God.

Nuisance Value

by **GEORGE L. KROCK**

ONE CAN sometimes get a lot of profit out of a nuisance. For example, we used to think that the daily air raids in China were literally the final straw when it came to nuisances. They always seemed to come without rhyme or reason, and lasted interminably.

Then one of our missionaries got to thinking seriously about the matter and decided that all of us would seriously miss those daily air raids if they should suddenly stop. He said that instead of being hindrances and nuisances, they were, as a matter of fact, helps. He said they gave all of us an opportunity to get many things done during the day, that we might otherwise overlook or miss entirely.

Hours of enforced idleness in a ditch or on a hillside, with a group of natives, were language-lesson sessions that were hard to beat. And there were human reactions

there that one could study closely, such as fear, patience, and, most surprising of all, laughter. There was that nice old lady with a thousand wrinkles, and yet with sparkling eyes; there was that nervous man who made everyone near him keep absolutely silent while the planes flew overhead, because he had an idea that the aviators could hear even the softest whisper.

The missionary pointed out that the air raids, coming as they did at a certain time each morning, provided a wonderful opportunity to review our morning meditations, or even to begin these meditations if we had not yet done so. He said, furthermore, that the air raids themselves provided eminently suitable subjects for meditation on the most serious aspects of life, such as its uncertainty, or on death. No more suitable occasions could be devised.



"That's where the new chapel will be," a Maryknoller tells his confreres

Chapel of Our Dreams

SOME day after the war is over, you will, we hope, be able to visit Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson and find something that is now very much missed — the permanent Seminary chapel!

Frankly, we haven't what it takes to turn our plans into a building.

We are purposely refraining from any drive for funds to build the chapel. We are confining ourselves to the goal suggested to us by a very good friend.

He said he felt sure that there must be throughout this country 500 friends of Maryknoll who could and would give \$500 each towards the Seminary chapel.

Do you know of anyone who would be interested in giving that amount or any portion of it? Any gift, no matter how small, will be most welcome.

For further information, please write to:
THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Father Rauschenbach

FATHER OTTO RAUSCHENBACH was on his way back to the United States for a brief leave after twenty years of active mission work in China. Detained in Loting while arrangements were being made, he began thinking of his Christians, who would be without the sacraments on Pentecost because there was no priest to take his place. He decided that he would return to them once more before departing. Fellow missionaries tried to dissuade him, telling him that bandits and the Japanese made the trip too precarious. But Father Rauschenbach was a missionary in the tradition of Saint Francis Xavier: souls needed him, and that sufficed for any danger.

Now Father Rauschenbach will never leave his people; he will not be coming back to the United States.

At seven o'clock on the morning of May 14, violent death came to Father Otto Rauschenbach in the market town of Kai Laam, when the bullet from the gun of a bandit entered his heart. Father Rauschenbach had evidently gone to Kai Laam to say Mass for some of his Christians on the previous day, a Sunday. On that day bandits broke into town. Probably while he was attempting to remonstrate with them and save his flock, the fatal shot was fired. The wounded priest did not die in Kai Laam, but ten miles away in Lung King, where he had been carried for safety.

Immediately upon receipt of the news at the Loting mission, Bishop Adolph Paschang and Father Robert Kennelly set out for Lung King. Father Rauschenbach was dead when they arrived. Because of the proximity of Japanese troops,



Father Rauschenbach, M.M.

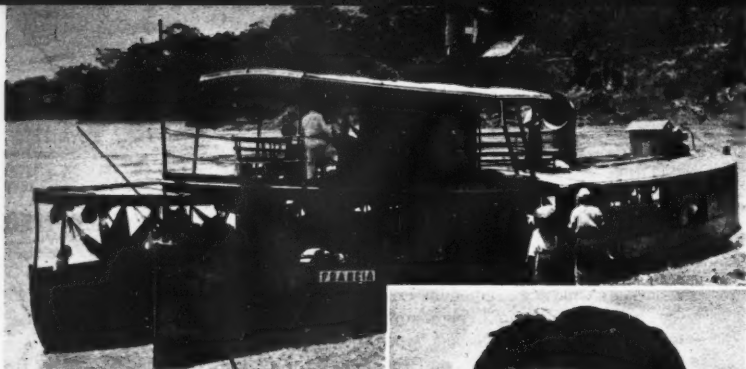
they were not able to take the body back to the mission cemetery in Loting, so they buried the slain priest near the spot where he had died.

Father Rauschenbach was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on June 23, 1898. His parents were the late Otto and Josephine Gilmartin Rauschenbach. He attended St. Mark's School in St. Louis, and St. Louis Preparatory Seminary, before entering Maryknoll in 1918. Six years later he was ordained at Maryknoll, by the late Bishop Dunn; and in that same year he left for the missions in China.

The Missouri priest was one of Maryknoll's outstanding missionaries. Quiet and persevering, he carried on the multitude of tasks which came his way without seeking any recognition for his many achievements.

Father William Mulcahy, writing to Chungking, said: "Father Rauschenbach took a grave risk of his life to give the sacraments to his people. No more could be asked of any priest, nor could more be given."

"Greater love than this hath no man. . ."



Typical of river boats on the Beni

Chapel by Appointment

by GERARD GRONDIN

Colorful Indian tribes are visited by Father Grondin, Maine priest, as he takes Maryknoll's chapel boat on maiden voyage up the Beni River



Brother Gonzaga, of Philadelphia, will soon pilot our chapel boat

WILL YOU join us on the maiden voyage of the *Innisfail*, chapel boat of the diocese of Riberalta?

There she stood on the banks of the majestic Beni River, proudly and nervously tugging at her cables, as ready as a thoroughbred at the post. The sun shone mercilessly on her two small cabins, and there was scarcely enough breeze to ripple her Papal banner and Bolivian flag. The Beni River flowed on majestically, bathing her 35-foot steel hull.

The port captain rose from the tree under which he had been resting, slowly walked over and took a look at the boat,

then signed the papers clearing her through. At last the *Innisfail* received a signal from the starter button, and began churning the muddy waters. The cables were loosed — she was on her way! She sailed proudly, strong in the blessing she had received, on Saint Francis Xavier's day, from Bishop Escalante.

Father Gordon Fritz sailed with us, his destination the little settlement of Fortaleza. One of the most interesting experiences of the trip came on the second night out. In our anxiety to arrive at Fortaleza, Padre Fritz and I decided to travel at night. At first all went well. It was a

clear evening, and we could see the general outline of the river; we used the reflector only to scrutinize possible obstacles such as floating logs or, worse still, fixed ones.

Then suddenly Ricardo, our captain, called out that there were four or five canoes tied to the shore ahead, so we decided to pull in for the night.

There were no signs of men around, as we tied the good ship *Innisfail*, let down the canvas sides as a safeguard against possible rains, and hooked up our short-wave receiver to hear the news of the world. Then I felt the presence of some person near me on the boat, and I looked up directly into the smiling face of a Chama Indian. He was a short, bowlegged man with squinting eyes and dark hair.

I arose, shook hands with him, and bade him good evening. He said his name was Jose Rodriguez. By then there were other Indians on board, including Jose's son, but they seemed to know just where to stay so as not to draw attention.

Are Entranced by Radio

THEY listened eagerly to the radio for about twenty minutes; then six or seven of the men came over and shook hands, saying they would return in the morning.

And return they did! When we got up, the next morning, there was a group of Chama Indians, including men, boys, and a few women. Father Fritz and I said our Masses, and they watched us silently. I noticed our boat crew took great pride in explaining to them that they should be

The snow-capped peaks of Illimani afford an awe-inspiring view for miles





Stone huts are
seen as boat moves
slowly up the river



Indians drawing
wood watch from
the river's bank



quiet and respectful. We found that the chief crop these Chamas had cultivated since founding this little settlement was bananas, so we were glad to exchange some bread for a bunch of the fruit. Just as the sun was rising over the treetops, we bade our visitors good-by and turned the *Innisfail* out into the stream, hoping to do more for these poor Chama Indians in the near future.

Headman Fails Us

OUR journey was interrupted for short periods on the way up the river, to advise the natives as to our return schedule. We told them the day and hour we could be expected on our return trip, so that all would be on hand to meet us.

There were only two places on the way back where disappointment was experienced. One was Santo Domingo. Celso Salas, the headman there, had neglected to have his people notified, and no persons were on hand when we arrived, except members of his own family. It was a consolation to learn that his daughter, Josefita, had wished to go and call the people from the jungle. However, her father had not allowed her to go alone on so dangerous a trip.

Josefita had earlier spent some months in Riberalta and had become acquainted

with the work of the Maryknoll Fathers there. She is about seventeen years old, short and chubby, with fluffy brown hair and a fair complexion. This good girl has strong faith and will help us much in the future.

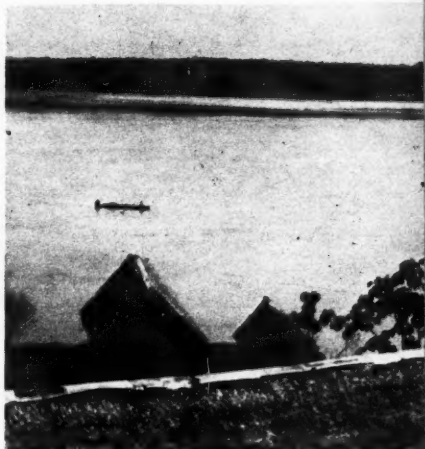
The trip, on the whole, was a great success. We had told the natives at San Lorenzo that we would return on the evening of the sixteenth. We arrived in the afternoon and found only a caretaker at the trading post, as the owner had been out for three days, notifying his people. It was six o'clock in the evening when the first family came in: Eugenio Lurici and his brood of seven, together with two prospective daughters-in-law and two sons-in-law. Only the oldest son had been baptized, as Eugenio had never been able to take his children to the city, and no Padre had ever before visited their locality.

As we sat under the thatch-roofed porch of a tropical version of a huge log cabin, one could see they were all very tired. They had left home in the morning, carrying a small child, and dragging hundred-pound balls of rubber over the rough trails and through bridgeless brooks.

Tired but Happy

BUT they were glad they had come. They wanted rosaries and prayer books, though only one member of the family could read.

When he was a child, Eugenio had lived in a large center and there had learned to go to confession and had made his First Communion. He had instructed his own children and their prospective spouses as to the proper procedure, and they were disappointed when they learned that those who had never been baptized need not go to confession before baptism. They were happy when I explained how baptism would make their souls immaculate, and

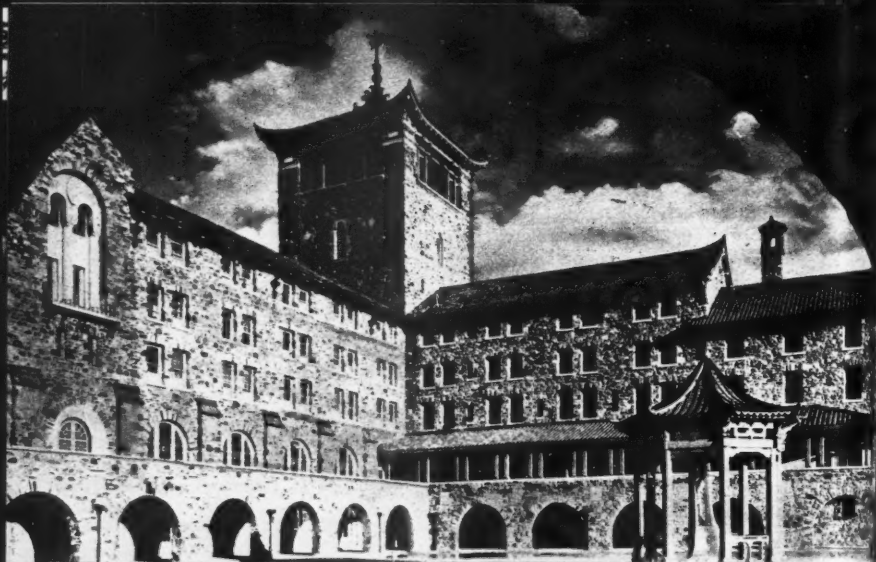


View at Riberalta, where the Beni and the Madre de Dios Rivers meet

they promised to live as best they could to keep them so.

Other families arrived as the sun began to set. It was impressive to witness the out-of-door baptisms in the evening, with the stars smiling joyfully on these newly adopted sons of God and brothers of Christ. The instructions preceding the baptisms naturally had to be short; but the sincerity and ardent religious desires of these simple people, together with God's grace finding its way so completely into their souls, seemed to compensate for meagerness of their learning. We prayed that He would supply their great need with the gifts of wisdom and understanding.

As we left San Lorenzo, we received the good wishes of the natives, together with gifts of the best things they had: some chickens, eggs, and fruits. And so we went on down the river, spreading encouragement and hope.



**Maryknoll-on-the
Hudson, at Ossin-
ing, New York**



Knoll Notes

**Maryknoll Apos-
tolic College, near
Clarks Summit,
Pennsylvania**

**The band welcomes
the Bishop on his
return from China**



**Students rest dur-
ing long hike over
Pennsylvania hills**





On the veranda at
our House of Stud-
ies, Akron, Ohio

Plugging away at
theology, in his
room at Maryknoll





**Students washing
dishes at Akron
House of Studies**

**Handball experts
hit a close one on
the Maryknoll court**



**A philosopher
smooths out a
knotty problem**

Education of a Missioner

by CHARLES F. MCCARTHY

THE SCHOOLING required of a young man who wishes to become a Maryknoll priest covers twenty-one years of study, divided as follows:

Elementary school, 8 years; high school, 4 years; college, 4 years; spiritual training, 1 year; major seminary, 4 years.

High School

IN HIGH school, special attention should be given to Latin, English, history, science, mathematics.

High-school graduates should have a minimum of 15 units*

of credits for admission to our first year of college. These units should be divided as follows:

Latin, 4 units; English, 4 units; mathematics, 2 units; natural science, 1 unit; social science, 2 units; religion, 2 units. Total high-school credits, 15 units.

It would be desirable for the high-school student to include, under mathematics, training in algebra, as well as geometry or trigonometry. Under natural sciences, he should have physics, and chemistry or biology. Under social science, he should have world history and American history.

In addition to the foregoing, it would be useful for him to have two units of modern languages, such as French, German, or Spanish; and, if possible, units of mathematics other than those listed.

**A unit comprises 5 classes a week for one scholastic year, or its equivalent.*

College, and Spiritual Year

COLLEGE training, which may be taken either before or after coming to Maryknoll, should cover a regular four-year academic course, with two years of Latin. Classes during the college junior and senior years should preferably be taken in a major seminary, with courses in scholastic philosophy, Scripture, and other ecclesiastical studies.

SPIRITUAL training consists of a year of ascetical theology and character development.

The seminary courses in the major semi-

nary cover four years of graduate work taken after college. Studies include theology, Scripture, canon law, and other ecclesiastical courses.

Maryknoll Seminaries

TRAINING and studies in our Maryknoll seminaries are arranged to emphasize the special needs of a priest on the foreign missions. It is preferable, for a young man who wishes to become a Maryknoll missioner, to begin his preparation as early as possible in a Maryknoll house of studies.

Boys who cannot attend a junior seminary should enroll in a Catholic high school near home—one that gives good courses in Latin, English, science, and mathematics. In some sections of the United States, Maryknoll houses of studies receive students for courses be-



ginning with the first year of high school.

Because of the nature of mission work overseas, only those young men are accepted who can complete their studies and be ordained before their thirty-fifth year. Experience has shown that, after that age, a man ordinarily cannot master the difficult Oriental languages or the dialects of the South American Indians. Beyond that age, also, men find difficulty in adjusting themselves to living conditions in China or in the jungles and the high altitudes of South America.

Correspondence Courses

MANY men in the United States Armed Forces have written to us, expressing their intention of studying for the foreign-mission priesthood after the war ends. Since so many years are required for study, we are advising these young men to take up immediately correspondence courses in the required studies, in order to shorten their years of study after the war.

Notre Dame University has established a correspondence course in Latin, for servicemen who wish to prepare for the priesthood at the end of hostilities. Those who are interested may enroll in this course by writing to: Rev. Thomas A. Kelly, C.S.C., St. Edward's Hall, Notre Dame, Indiana.

For further information about Maryknoll, please use the form below.

MARYKNOLL-FATHERS,

MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK.

Please send, without obligation to me, information about becoming a Maryknoll priest _____ or Brother _____

Name _____

Street _____ Zone _____

City _____ State _____

Age _____ Grade _____

Three-Minute Meditation

"Saint Michael, the Archangel, defend us in battle . . ." (PRAYER AFTER LOW MASS)

KNEELING at the foot of the altar, the priest, at the end of each low Mass, recites the prayer to Saint Michael to beg his protection from Satan, for the faithful throughout the world.

World wars are not the most important battles. The big battle is waged by each individual within himself. Each man is his own worst enemy. God placed us in this world for a period of trial, that we might prove ourselves in the fight against the three enemies of our soul—the world, the flesh, and the devil—and thereby gain the crown of everlasting life. Saint Michael is our defender against the wiles of Satan.

Christians receive plenty of help. "My grace is sufficient for thee." But non-Christians lack the benefit of the sacraments which God provided for the seven stages of our lives, from Baptism at birth to the Last Anointing before death.

Our Lord commanded us to teach every creature the benefits of the Redemption. That includes the man next door, and the subway rider, as well as the cliff dweller and the bushman.

By spreading a knowledge of God, we imitate Saint Michael in his work of driving out the forces of evil. By giving to others a knowledge of God and His grace, to aid them in the most important battles of life, we earn the reward of apostles.



Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.



CHEERS FOR G.I. JOE

by JOSEPH W. REGAN

THE American soldier may have faults, but there is a virtue he possesses in a rare degree — the virtue of generosity. I am convinced that the American Army man is one of the most generous persons in the world. He will give away anything he owns, to help someone in need.

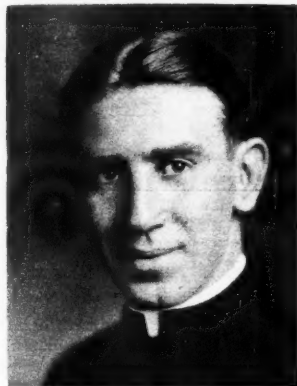
In newspapers and magazines we read stories which tell how American soldiers are "taken in" by the natives, are cheated and deceived, pay large sums for souvenirs worth only a few coppers. These stories may all be true. The American doughboy may be gullible in dealing with people of other races, but I doubt if he often sins against the virtue of charity. It seems he would rather be deceived nine times than fail once in this virtue.

Always Making Gifts

I AM convinced God will be lenient in His judgment of the American soldier, for "charity covers a multitude of sins."

Remember how it was in our mission before we were forced to evacuate. We had many American Army guests — so many that the house seemed like an American hotel for months. We were glad to help;

Generosity becomes American soldier like a shining armor, according to Father Regan, Maryknoller



**Father Joseph W. Regan
of Fairhaven, Mass.**

but seldom did an American soldier leave without making a gift, and it was usually of much greater value than our poor hospitality. In fact, the soldiers practically supported our mission with the gifts they gave us.

We missionaries gained great face in our district, just because we were Americans, of the same nationality as the Army men. Never have we been on such good terms with officials and other influential people of the town.

The Japanese moved in, and we were forced to evacuate. There re-

mained three priests and ten Chinese Sisters, on the last day. We were prepared to go out on foot, but again the American Army came to the rescue. A colonel offered to take the whole crowd of thirteen in his weapons carrier. We did not see how he could do it, as his carrier was already loaded. But we were all put on the carrier and were driven on a journey of several days, to safety.

The soldiers were exceptionally kind to the Sisters on this trip, and not one of the soldiers was Catholic, either. They shared their food, and traveled much more slowly than they otherwise would have done, so

that the Sisters should not get sick. Their first concern at night was to find a good place for the Sisters to sleep.

I noticed, also, the soldiers' little acts of kindness to the Chinese along the road. At each meal they would share cookies and candy with little Chinese boys or girls who came out to wave and say, "*Ting hao!*" Every Chinese child who can walk seems to know that expression now. And the American G.I. is good to all of them.

Was Overjoyed

AT ONE village we emptied a wooden box of canned goods — C rations. The colonel noticed a poor Chinese farmer, examining the box, so he asked him if he wanted it, and gave it to him. I never saw anyone so happy as that old farmer! He inspected the box minutely from each of its four sides, and then counted all the nails in it. He called everyone in the neighborhood to come and behold his good fortune.

"Just think!" he said. "The American gave me a box with forty-five nails in it!"

In the place where we are living now, we see further manifestations of the gener-

osity and kindness of the American Army men. They are continually bringing things into the mission for the refugee Fathers.

Take up Collection

THEY take up collections for various charities. They are now building a dispensary for the Franciscan Sisters; the local Carmelite nuns have received many gifts of money from them; and the orphans in St. Paul's Home, the boys in the Salesian school, have never had so many good things to eat as they get these days. To countless Chinese, the Americans have given work and help when the poor natives were almost ready to despair.

Our American fighting men have made the Maryknoll missionaries proud. Because of them, we are more than ever thrilled just to be Americans. The spontaneous kindness and truly generous impulses of our American soldiers will be remembered long after the war is over. The memory will be one of the greatest advertisements for America that we could ever hope for.

Missions also will benefit by this memory. For now our G.I. Joe is doing much of our work for us.



YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

WE HAVE received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|----------------------------------|--------------|
| <i>Persons sick,</i> | <i>2,670</i> | <i>Persons in the services,</i> | <i>3,302</i> |
| <i>Persons deceased,</i> | <i>3,306</i> | <i>Other special intentions,</i> | <i>5,526</i> |

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Toast to a Veteran

MOST Maryknollers joined their charitable fellow citizens in coming to the aid of the common cause with occasional pints of blood for the blood bank; but when Bishop Ford's contribution to the welfare of humanity in his war-torn corner is counted up, it turns out to be nothing less than forty pounds of flesh. The flesh left him quickly, through the exigencies of work and privation, and is coming back to him slowly, through the prayers of his flock plus the ministrations of the kindly German doctors who operate the Kaying Hospital. Francis Xavier Ford was Maryknoll's first student. He left the classroom of New York's Cathedral College to pluck the sleeve of Father James Anthony Walsh and seek admission from a Maryknoll Founder, who had founded nothing more than an idea up to that point. He became a part of all the Maryknoll beginnings, wrote the Maryknoll song, learned the Maryknoll spirit — indeed helped to create it. He said a long farewell to Brooklyn, went with Maryknoll's other Founder to Maryknoll's first Mission in China, and has remained in China ever since, except for the interlude of coming home to be consecrated a bishop. He received the episcopacy at the hands of the same Maryknoll Founder who had accepted him as a seminarian, Bishop James Anthony Walsh rising from a sick bed to confer this accolade on his first student as one of the last

acts of his life. Bishop Ford loved his Chinese people from the first, saw their good qualities and spoke to men about them, saw their bad qualities and spoke only to God about them, proved ingenious in devising ways to help them, was eminently successful in directing operations to convert them, built up a banner mission vicariate among them, gained their deep affection and esteem, and lost forty pounds. Maryknoll never regretted its first student. Maryknoll asks your prayers that God may keep Bishop Ford with us and that Brooklyn may yet see him again.

Harvest

A PRETTY SIGHT IN CHINA and one that war privation only renders more pleasantly meaningful, is the harvesttime. The fields are heavy with waving grain; the rice is ready to cut. Hopes and prayers have been answered. In cheerful alacrity the village communities set out to perform the welcome labor, and whole families are to be seen — men, women, and children, down to toddling midgets — all busily gathering up the precious grain and carrying it carefully, zealously, even triumphantly to the threshing floor. Fatigue comes late on the longest day in harvesttime; the tempo of this task is one of glee. The whole of China is rejoicing in another crop that will fend off the specter of hunger for another winter. Often the missionary is seen wending his way to the village homes at this time, to congratulate his people on the success of

the harvest and to share their joy in this provision of Divine Providence for their well-being. He thinks rather of another harvest of which this is a symbol, yet he is happy to see his people happy. So he rejoices in their harvest, and sometimes — after longer years of much more difficult labor — it is given him to rejoice in his own. He passes through the fields white for the harvest with a thought rising unbidden to sing in his heart: Again Christ walks in Galilee, calling His flock, and all through my lifetime I walk with Him.

On Doing Without

SHORTAGES there are in blockaded China — and there are prices also, which are something else again. You can find what you want more often than you can buy it at the astronomical costs involved. The net result of the strange situation is that the poor get poorer, and the rich get richer, and the missionary gets along somewhere in between. Although life on this front is stern and earnest, even when wartime fortune smiles, it is interesting to note that one man's shortages are another man's superfluities, much as in the case of the improvident housewife who was reproached for wasting money on bread when there was no liquid refreshment in the house. Thus the beleaguered priests in China remain totally indifferent to the complete absence of the needles and thread for which the Sisters clamor so urgently; and the Sisters, on their part, manifest an admirable

detachment towards the existing lack of spare motorcycle parts, razor blades, and smokable tobacco. Shoes, clothing, soap, and vitamin pills would not be scorned by any of them, however; and if a few typewriter ribbons were available, you would probably hear from them more often. Mass wine was stocked with great foresight

and can be eked out for the duration; wheat for hosts is grown and milled locally. Medicine is hard to come by, and costs a fortune. Meals are what you make them. Not choice in caliber, abundant in variety, cheap or reasonable in price, food is yet obtainable with some trouble and expense, and it is even eatable if your cook

knows how to make it so. And this brings us to the burden of our song, which is to state the indubitable fact that the greatest shortage of China in wartime is that of all the rest of the world all the time: namely, a good cook.

Love

THE MISSIONER loves his vocation for a thousand reasons, but a chief one is the fact that it gives him an opportunity to help people. Everybody in the world has some trouble, but few find anybody to alleviate trouble, sympathize with it, or even listen to it. The missioner spends his life in relieving the troubles of others, and he learns to love his people through it, while the people love him for it. "You are our epistle, written in our hearts . . ." *II Cor. iii: 2*.



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

SCHOOL DAYS—The Chinese have a saying, "If in youth you do not study, in old age what will you do?" So the missionary's school in China must keep on, since the child's learning of the Catechism leads to the man's knowledge of the true Lord of Heaven.



Chinese characters on a small card or piece of paper, possibly a name tag or a label.

Chinese character (likely '育' - Yu) on a small card or piece of paper.

Chinese character (likely '冰' - Bing) on a small card or piece of paper.





Father Verhagen
(left, center) pre-
pares for trip to
Sierra mountains

★

Hazards met on
long journey are
described by our
mission Padre

I Meet the Cora Indians

by NORBERT M. VERHAGEN

How tribal "Race for Rooster" brings fifty Cora Indians galloping to the church door for the Padre's blessing, is told by Maryknoller from Wisconsin

I HAD not yet visited Santa Teresa, headquarters of the Cora Indians, so decided to go there on the feast of their patron saint. On that day, annually, the Coras gather from all the surrounding pueblos for their races, games, and tribal dances. It seemed the propitious time for a visit; so my faithful guide, Santiago, and I saddled our mules, early one morning, and started on our way.

On the first day, we were drenched to the skin with the early autumn rains. After



that we put in full days of travel before the mountain rains came down heavily in the evening. During the first night, we slept in a thatched hut, the floor of which was made of bamboo poles stretched across the room, about four feet above the ground. Pigs grunted beneath our roost all the time. The wind howled fiercely around the mountain crags; but in that primitive home, we were as snug as the bugs which were so plentiful and friendly.

The second morning, as we resumed our journey, the wind seemed to come up the mountainside saturated with rain, and it

slapped us around in its fury. Santiago saw that the canvas was well wrapped around the cargo, and we did not mind the drenching of our clothes. As night came on, the mules wandered repeatedly off the path, because of the rain, the darkness, and the lightning. But we kept going, even though the cold became intense; we were then quite high on the mountain trail, and my teeth chattered as my knees clapped together.

Santiago, knowing the way of the road and the best methods of fighting the elements, managed to pull the mules and myself across several wide streams as we followed the trail to the very mountain-top. There we came upon a broad mesa, and stumbled into a little Indian village. We thanked God that we were safe, and we were especially glad that the Mass equipment and sleeping bags were dry.

For that night, we stopped at the home of a Cora Indian, Don Bonifacio. His son, Antonio, is a carpenter at our central mission of San Miguel. Antonio was there to greet us, with his young wife, whose life Father Martin and I had saved about a year ago, when she was stung by a scorpion. In the morning the Don and Antonio took me to call on the Indian governor. Later I baptized some Indian children.

A Ghost Town

ON THE following day, I set out for the main Indian village of Santa Teresa, accompanied not only by Santiago, but by a Mexican guide. The latter was a great help to us, since he was known and liked by all the Cora Indians whose huts we passed along the way. We followed the top of the mesa through fragrant pine trees; at the shore of a great lake, we turned right, through rolling green hills, to Santa Teresa itself.

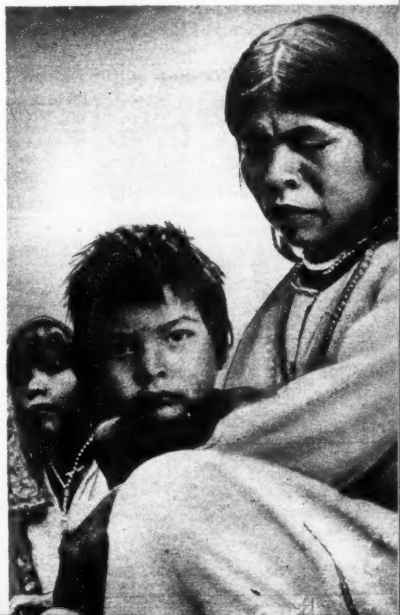
Our reception by the Indians of Santa

Teresa was cordial, and it gave me much encouragement. The pueblo is truly a ghost town, having only a few houses, about half of which are vacant. An old adobe church is in one corner of a large square; in another corner are the ruins of an unfinished stone church; the ruins of a town hall are in the third corner; and in the fourth is an ancient edifice which has been converted into a rural school. In this school building, we were installed for the night.

Governor Listens Gravely

THE Indian governor came over to receive me, and he listened gravely to my reading of my documentary credentials, as he himself could not read. While I remained in the village, the governor supplied me twice daily with *tortillas* — flattened, tough pancakes made of corn meal

Typical Cora mother and her children



and water. This he did at great personal sacrifice, for there is a corn shortage in this section. As for me, I like *tortillas*; they fill the corners of my stomach, and they are useful, when rolled up and put in one's hip pocket, as supplies for a trip.

The Indians show great reverence for the Padre, and one can see that a full-time shepherd is sorely needed here.

Left without Priest

THE little the Indians seem to know about our Faith concerns Baptism chiefly, with a smattering of the doctrine about Matrimony. They know absolutely nothing about Mass, confession, or Holy Communion. The mission work among the Cora Indians was inaugurated hundreds of years ago; but it was never more than begun, as the unfinished church testifies. The Spanish missionaries were forced to leave the country, and these poor Indians were without a priest for many years. Today, the ringing of the church bell brings

no one to Mass or to evening Rosary devotions — and this even when the town is crowded for their great patron's feast!

On the day before the feast, however, the people came into the church to present their pitiful offerings: bunches of wild flowers for the statue of Saint Teresa; little gifts of food, also, to bring blessings on the morrow's races. As the feast day approached, there was great activity. The tribal dances increased in vigor and duration.

Soon after Mass, sixty Cora Indians on horseback rode into the church yard, dismounted, kissed my hand, and filed into the church to pay respects to Saint Teresa before starting the races. They then requested me to lead them in prayer, and I did.

The Indians filed out and mounted their steeds. They formed a column as they rode in front of the church, following an imaginary cross on the ground; then, with wild whoops and yells, they

broke away into a fierce gallop. One man carried a rooster tucked under his arm. The others tried to get it away from him, all the while galloping on horseback at breakneck speed. Some of the riders fell off and were hurt, but fortunately no one was killed.

My plan to leave early the following morning resulted in having fifteen children brought to the church in the afternoon for baptism. Several other Indian men and a few women came in to see us before we left, to wish us Godspeed, and to give us *tortillas* to eat on the trip.

Primitive Coras show skill with the bow and arrow





With bags packed, newly ordained Maryknollers are ready for the missions

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
for want of a shoe, the horse was lost;
for want of a horse, the rider was lost;
for want of a rider, the message was lost;
for want of a message, the battle was lost;
for want of a battle, the kingdom was lost
— and all for want of a horseshoe nail!"

— OLD PROVERB

This familiar proverb tells something we all know: often great matters depend on small things!

It costs \$500 to equip a missionary and transport him from New York City to South America, or to the Orient.

We turn for help to our Maryknoll friends — to those who make our work possible. Your gift, whether it be 25¢ or \$25, may seem only a trifle, only a horseshoe nail. But Christ's message and His kingdom are very great matters, and they depend on *your gift*.

----- (PLEASE USE THIS BLANK) -----

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____ Zone _____

City _____ State _____



Missions in Hawaii, Panama, and Bolivia will soon receive this happy group

Departure Eve

by JOSEPHINE LOFTUS

Social-service work and teaching in Hawaii, the care of the underprivileged in Panama, and the staffing of a hospital in Bolivia — all are in the plans of the 1945 mission group of Maryknoll Sisters

DUFFEL BAGS, air luggage, and wooden cases, packed with the essentials for jungle and urban missions, stand in tantalizing array close to the shipping-room door of the Motherhouse.

It is that anxious interval between the Departure Ceremony and the actual leave-taking of the Sisters assigned to new posts in distant fields. Time was when departure followed immediately after the ceremony, but these are days of travel priorities and war restrictions which tax to the limit the patience of those on the verge of a glorious adventure — the

pursuit of souls for the pure love of God.

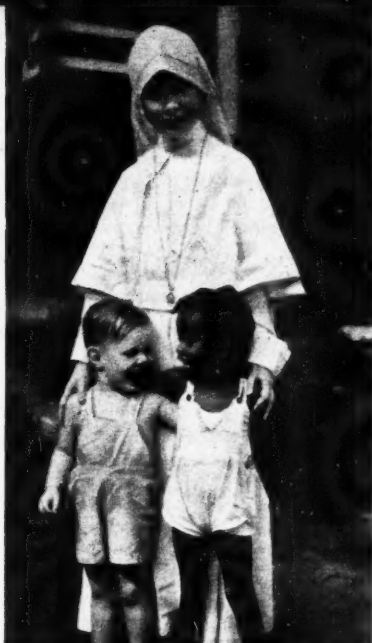
When the objective is so sublime, departures, frequent though they be, are ever inspiring. Too, every outgoing group so far has borne the impress of novelty. For instance: the Sisters in last year's band opened the first convent mission in the primitive Bluefields area of Nicaragua; the year before, it was into the jungleland of Bolivia that Maryknoll Sisters flew for the first time; in the year previous to that, a group traveled by Army transport to reach Pacific-island missions; and so on, all the way back to 1921, when Maryknoll Sisters first left for China.

Happily, this tradition, which makes for apostolic growth, has not been broken, and 1945's Departure Group will be remembered principally for its Sisters appointed to open our first convent for work in a leper colony. The Sisters chosen for this will devote their entire energies to

the spiritual well-being of the patients at the leprosarium in Palo Seco, Canal Zone.

Two years ago, when a pioneer trio of Maryknoll Sisters landed in Panama at the invitation of the Vincentian Fathers, they found a variety of mission works awaiting them. One duty — and to them the most privileged — was the catechetical work at Palo Seco. Shortly after arriving there, Sister Concepta Marie wrote:

"Following Mass and Benediction at the colony this morning, we visited the patients' rooms. Some of the lepers do not show any external signs of the disease; these take care of their own rooms and are permitted to cook breakfast for themselves, the other meals being served in a common dining room. There is a section for married couples, for they are permitted to marry. The more advanced cases are in another building, the men and women in separate wings. . . We were delighted to hear that we shall spend an entire day here every week. Mine is also the happy



Sr. Socorro Maria with two "angels"



Procession of "Flowers of Palo Seco," in Panama, led by Father Coste

charge of serving as sacristan of their chapel. Our own places are in the sanctuary, as the body of the chapel is reserved exclusively for the patients."

It was inevitable that the doctrine classes would sooner or later lead to at least a limited social service in behalf of these patient sufferers. The need has made itself felt sooner than expected — much to the joy of the Sisters now assigned to the Leper Colony. At this writing, their convent is not completed, but it is already "home" to its future occupants.

Another surprise interwoven with the 1945 assignments was the announcement, that our Sisters would staff a new hospital in Riberalta, Bolivia. For the past year and a half, Sister Mercy, M.D., has been struggling along with a miniature dispensary to care for her numerous patients. The hospital is Government-owned but will be directed by the Sisters. A substantial sum has been received from a benefactor for the erection of a fine dispensary, solely for the poor, which is being built

near the hospital. Apropos of this "medicine shop," there was an interesting note in a recent diary from the Riberalta Sisters. It said:

"Four American Army officers who brought the Bishop home in a special plane from La Paz came to visit us today. They were delighted to meet some Americans here in the jungle and were most interested in our dispensary. Colonel H. is going to be very helpful in aiding us to obtain some necessary supplies for our work."

Malnutrition, tropical diseases and fevers, with some jungle specialties, are the principal ailments. Treated with medical skill and the charity of Christ, they lead the sick to a better knowledge and appreciation of their rich heritage of the Faith.

The Hawaiian Islands also will receive their quota of Sisters — albeit only a third of the number requested for manifold works. Within the last two years, social-service activities of the missionaries in the Islands have increased considerably, particularly among sugar-plantation workers.



Sister Mary Jeremie and Sister Mercy (M.D.) in their Bolivian dispensary

Chinatowns in Boston and New York opened their doors to Maryknoll Sisters almost simultaneously, one day this summer. It seems providential that several of the appointees for these home fields have spent many years among the Chinese in their native land, and so are well equipped with a knowledge of Chinese language and customs.

To equip and transport each of the Sisters going to distant lands, is a financial problem involving large sums. Can you, and will you, help to solve it for us by signing the blank below? There is no need to remind you that, in so doing, you automatically assume the noble role of commissioner, an ambassador of the King of kings.

1945 Departure Group

Sister Mary Gerard Gallagher
Sister Mary Gregory MacKey
Sister Mary Susanna Hayashi
Sister Mary Canista Gillęspie
Sister Mary David Berkeley
Sister Marie Marquette Bonnin, R.N.
Sister Clemence Marie Doherty
Sister Miriam Bernadette Stremus
Sister Rose Catherine Sullivan
Sister Miriam Claire Hughes
Sister Madeline Maria Dorsey, R.N.



A happy bridal party at Leprosarium

Sister Alma Therese McHugh
Sister Maria Pia Remmes
Sister Stephen Marie Wood
Sister Ann Catherine Ryan
Sister Regina Cordis Donahue
Sister Loretto Marie Hoffmann
Sister Grace Elizabeth McDermott

MARYKNOLL SISTERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$_____, to equip and transport the 1945 Departure Group for fields afar.

Name_____

Street_____ Zone_____

City_____ State_____

As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.



Msgr. John Romaniello



Fr. Arthur F. Allie

Fr. John A. Fisher



On the Mission Front

Lights of Bethlehem: — Overnight this little town became the most important spot in the southwest area. The place buzzed with activity, as from 20,000 to 30,000 persons arrived daily.

At night, the rows of huts and sheds, lighted by little oil lamps, looked like a thousand Bethlehems! Walking down the street after dark, one could see people sleeping in the sheds — some on board beds, some on the bare ground.

Sickness soon broke out, and dysentery and cholera took a heavy toll. Approximately a hundred people died each day.

Father Greene was the first Maryknoller to arrive in this town of suffering. He was shocked by conditions and immediately sent word to Kweiyang, asking for more help, money, and medicine.

— *Monsignor John Romaniello, of New Rochelle, New York, now in Kweilin, South China*

Padre's Delight: — Our church in Huehuetenango is a bedlam! Hundreds of people are coming in to get tickets for the Confirmation ceremonies; and many are asking that their youngsters be baptized, so that they can be confirmed also. The custom here is to give Confirmation to infants, but I prefer the American practice, where one studies and becomes really confirmed in the Faith.

— *Father Arthur F. Allie, of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, now in Huehuetenango, Guatemala*

Thoughts of a Lone Padre: — Recollection brings the light of memory to other days — the nearly twenty-two months spent in a Manchurian internment camp. There I was the lone Padre in the camp, trying to express the courage and calm of Christ. There were sixty-five other persons in our group, representing fourteen nationalities, and very few were Catholics. But we all tried to work as one, huddled on the fifth floor of a Mukden office building. Winter gales and blizzards, and later spring dust storms, rattled at our windows. Grain sleighs, ox carts, and Manchu horse cabs clanged their bells; the ubiquitous rickshas, with their asthmatic horns, coughed on their way.

— *Father John A. Fisher, of Malden, Massachusetts*

A Valiant Family: — I have one family of seventeen members. The mother is still young, is very active, and is president of Catholic Action for the married women. The oldest boy, Oscar, is president of the Boys' Catholic Action; one of the girls is in the choir. The other members of the family are all excellent Catholics — which is somewhat unusual in these parts.

— *Father Leon A. Harter, of Pittston, Pennsylvania, now in Galsarino, Chile*

Good Neighbors: — The Maryknoll Padres of Puno were invited to dinner at the Salcedo Industrial School, which is conducted by the Salesian Fathers. It is an extensive plant, with 1,200 Indian boys as students. The Fathers and Brothers teach various trades, including carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking, rugmaking, cooking, farming, and blacksmithing. We were shown about the property and saw all the points of interest. After a crowded day, we returned to Puno and our own *Colegio San Ambrosia*.

— *Father James C. Connell, of San Francisco California, now in Puno, Peru*

Sorghum Is High: — Though the corn was not as high as an elephant's eye, it was ready for harvesting in November. The Padre has more than an ordinary interest in the harvest, for he receives tithes. The eloquence used by the pastor in the States, for a coal collection, is used to gather corn here. Thus far, we have received enough to ensure *tortillas* for some time to come.

"Farmer's daughter marries." That's the story of the month's one-and-only marriage in San Juan. The farmer's daughter was also our cook, and she received Holy Communion almost every day during the week preceding her marriage — a rare practice here.

— *Father Thomas P. O'Rourke, of New York City, now in San Juan Peyotan, Central America*



Fr. Leon A. Harter



Fr. James C. Connell

Fr. Thomas P. O'Rourke



World Christianity

by PETER COSMON

FOR ALL OF LIFE AND ALL OF THE LIVING

MISSIONERS find themselves tempted to quarrel with some writers of spiritual books, who dwell at length on the importance of the interior life for those engaged in the apostolate, but fail to emphasize the necessity of a love of the apostolate by religious who are dedicated to the interior life.

Such writers might take a page from the book of a French writer, Abbé Gratry. "Do you think," he asks, "that you have broken with humanity to listen to God alone? Far from it. To break with the world is good. But one cannot break with humanity. Solicitude for the affairs of the world and solicitude for the human race are two different things. . ."

"To break with the world," continues the Abbé, "is not to break with humanity; it is, rather, to be with humanity at the same time as with God. In fact, the first thing that the soul which goes apart to be with God finds is a love for humanity."

Here is a whole lifetime of wisdom in a few brief lines. It is the centuries-old wisdom of all those who have been genuinely wise in the things of the spirit. Saint Teresa, the giant figure who played such a role in guiding the spiritual life of cloistered Carmelites, directed her own prayer and that of all the Carmels which she in-

fluenced, to the propagation of the Faith throughout the world.

All thoroughbreds in the spiritual life see their vocation as by no means limited to a single relationship between themselves and God. Rather, they recognize a spiritual trinity which consists of an eternal bond between God, themselves, and their neighbor; and, in keeping with the Gospel teaching, their neighbor is all mankind.

Have Duty to All

HAPPILY, this recognition of our duty to our fellow man as well as to our God is receiving more and more attention. Indeed, even outside the sphere of religion, we find notable statements by men in many walks of life which indicate the readiness of men to recognize their duty to their fellow man. For example, an official of the Standard Oil Company, R. T. Haslam, in a book entitled *New Frontiers*, expresses himself as follows:

"Of the many other frontiers challenging the attention of today's pioneers, let me mention but one: the frontier of better relations between man and his fellow man — the frontier of human relations. Much exploration in this frontier has been done; and a great deal more remains to be done. We've moved far beyond the idea of 'Every man for himself' — far from the idea that, if a man starved, it was merely the result of his own lacks or defects."

True, many who express such sentiments do not picture their fellow man as including all men — white, black, and yellow — of every continent over the

earth. But this is the Catholic view.

And many who think of helping their fellow man are content with some such aim as to keep people alive, to provide a program of mere physical sustenance. Meritorious though such an aim is, we who are Catholics know that it is not enough. It is a trite but true saying that "man does not live by bread alone." Hunger for food is the first human hunger, and it is a hunger found on every continent and among every people. But food is only a short, primary step toward lifting man to the level God has in mind for him.

We must answer as well the hunger of the spirit, in terms of the Gospel; which means meeting the needs of the soul during its life on earth and for its life in eternity.

Former President Coolidge voiced the longing of mankind for brotherhood, at one of those rarer moments (the end of the First World War) which occur when men, disgusted with the ruin that greed and pettiness bring, yearn to be great-souled.

Must Make Sacrifices

"OUR duty now," said Mr. Coolidge, "is to give stability to the world. We want idealism. We want that vision which lifts men and nations above themselves. These are virtues by reason of their own merit. But they must not be cloistered. . . It is necessary not only to have faith, but to make sacrifices for our faith. The spiritual

forces of the world make all its final determinations. It is with these voices that America should speak."

A generation later, President Roosevelt, in his Jefferson Day address of 1945, which he never delivered, restated the sentiment in these words: "Today we are faced with the pre-eminent fact that, if civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships — the ability of all peoples, of all kinds, to live together and work together, in the same world, at peace. . ."

Adept though our Presidents are at expressing high sentiments, it is understandable that they should not call upon their fellows to aim at the supernatural in man's world-wide human relations. This call we receive from the Pope, as in the exhortation of

Pius XII "to make of the universe a Holy Land, to establish the Kingdom of God in all souls, that He may be known even in the humblest dwelling on the earth."

It is of the very bone and marrow of Christianity to be World Christianity. World Christianity we define as:

(1) A knowledge of and regard for the peoples of the earth, our brothers in Christ, and an appreciation of our responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals.

(2) A devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all non-Catholics and non-Christians Christ's teachings and life of charity.



"FAITH implies an understanding that this world is not enough for our happiness, but that we must look beyond it towards God, who alone is the 'Stay of the Soul.' It teaches us to look at things as God does."

— Cardinal Newman



Bishop Herrera was elated when Maryknollers revived his diocesan seminary

Seminary Atop the World

by ARTHUR C. KIERNAN

THE STORY of the Seminary of Saint Ambrose, conducted by the Maryknoll Fathers in Puno, Peru, is like the annals of a family through several generations, rising in magnificence here, ebbing to shabbier moments there. This highest seminary in the world, built in the Sierras at a height of 12,640 feet, was established in 1866. In that year, the first Bishop of Puno, twelve months after the foundation of the diocese, opened classes and asked for the blessing of God on his efforts to train young men for the priesthood.

The present leader, Bishop Salvador Herrera, was appointed to Puno in 1934. He found that the diocesan clergy had shrunk to the insignificant number of thirty-five. His seminary building was in a state of deterioration; his school, feeder to the seminary, had no boarding students; and there were not sufficient teachers to take care of even the primary grades.

Bishop Herrera tried unsuccessfully to get help from countries outside of Peru. In 1942, he was elated when the Apostolic Nuncio in Lima, Bishop Fernando Cento,

wrote to him, saying that the Maryknoll Fathers, a North American missionary Society, were looking for a field of apostolic labor in South America.

Ancient Glory Revived

THE humble Franciscan Bishop knelt in thanksgiving. "Now," he said to himself, "we shall have the one great essential, a diocesan seminary! Now we can bring back to the diocese some of its ancient dignity and glory."

Bishop Herrera was more than pleased when the Maryknoll Fathers not only offered to take over the job of training native young men for the priesthood, but also agreed to open an elementary school and a high school, both of which would stimulate vocations; to inaugurate a minor and a major seminary; and to take over, in two provinces, all the parishes which had been long without priests.

The first Maryknoll Fathers arrived in Puno in 1943. The Bishop told them that he had little to offer but poverty, work, and apostolic sacrifice. Hence, the American priests were not disappointed when they saw the physical condition of the seminary, its buildings, and its equipment. They set about learning to take charge of the primary school, to initiate

a high school, to completely organize a seminary, and to stimulate vocations. Extensive building repairs followed, and most of them were completed by the beginning of the school year in 1944.

With the funds from the United States, the Maryknollers provided space and equipment for fifteen junior seminarians; for forty-five boarders; for a hundred day students in grade and high school. (Work with these groups would directly help to cultivate vocations to the priesthood.) To the primary school, the Maryknollers added a kindergarten. They established a high school, beginning with the freshman year, and planned to add one class a year until the entire four years should be completed.

To Develop Vocations

THE chief function of these schools is to develop vocations, thus swelling the ranks of the priesthood in the diocese of Puno. Only the generous gifts of friends in the United States, and finally a small allowance from the Peruvian Government, permitted Maryknoll to complete these developments and improvements. Through the untiring efforts of Bishop Herrera, a monthly subsidy has been granted the school by the Government, which also

First Holy Communion a great occasion for students of St. Ambrose School



gave twenty-five scholarships for seminarians who lack necessary funds.

When the Maryknollers found the number of students greatly increasing, they were forced to ask the Bishop for the use of the priests' hospice as a place in which to hold primary and high-school classes. This was granted, but with true Franciscan humility Bishop Herrera said, "I am sorry, Fathers, but I have not a *centavo* to help repair the buildings, or to buy even the necessary school furniture."

The Maryknoll Fathers discovered that this difficulty was to dog them incessantly — the lack of money.

Enrollment Increased

THEY saw a healthy and natural growth, and prayed that nothing would retard so flourishing an expansion in the number of students, and particularly in the increasing number of vocations. By sending priests into the provinces to talk person-

ally with youngsters who were thought to have vocations, and with their families, they were able to select fifteen more applicants for the seminary.

Seek 200 Seminarians

USING American methods, the Maryknollers were not slow to advertise, and the people of southern Peru were quick to see that Saint Ambrose College offered their children unequalled opportunities for Catholic education. Consequently the school was taxed to find room for the increased number of students. Many applicants were unable to gain admission because of lack of room.

God was showering graces on the school, and poor Puno was making sacrifices to educate its children. The fact that so many youngsters went regularly to Holy Communion seemed evidence of God's seal of approval and encouragement for the work.

Bishop Herrera with day students of St. Ambrose Seminary and College





Cathedral of Puno, with Lake Titicaca in distance, shown from height

The first visit of the Apostolic Visitor of Seminarians, the representative of the Holy Father, to the Seminary of Saint Ambrose was in 1944. He mentioned a million as the number of inhabitants in Puno diocese, and concluded that the minor seminary alone should have two hundred students.

Following his suggestion, the Maryknoll Fathers are now aiming at that figure. They are confident that the Lord will send vocations, as well as the material means to house and feed the students. Relying upon God's help, therefore, Maryknollers are now planning a simple, mud-brick seminary to house two hundred.

SISTER MARY GENEVIEVE

JUNE the second marked the passing of another dearly loved Maryknoller's soul. It was that of Sister Mary Genevieve Beez, who two days later was laid to rest in our beautiful Maryknoll cemetery.

Dayton, Ohio, was her birthplace. She came to Maryknoll in 1921, and the years that followed were full and fruitful ones. Whether as a simple religious, Regional Superior in Korea, or director of some local house or project, Sister Mary Genevieve was distinguished by selflessness, devotedness, loyalty, and perseverance in the discharge of her duties. Deeply religious, she carried her love of God over to her love of neighbor. Priests, Brothers, students, and Sisters — children and grown-ups in Korea, China, and Japan — alike responded to her warmhearted overtures of friendship and service.

Perhaps Sister Genevieve's greatest offering to the cause of Maryknoll and the missions was the patient, smiling endurance of years of intense suffering, culminated by a long, painful agony, which brought at last to her lovely spirit peaceful repose in the Heart of Christ. *R.I.P.*



Sister Mary Genevieve



G.I. friends of Fr. O'Connell in China, with Bishop Huang and Fr. Long

Friends in the Service

Visitors from Home

"I AM MADE HAPPY by having old friends of Maryknoll drop in, some of whom have made acquaintance through THE FIELD AFAR's genial pages, others through



Bishop Romaniello," writes Father Michael O'Connell, of San Francisco, California, now a chaplain with the Armed Services in China. "I am sending photographs for use in the magazine.

"My work as chaplain with the Armed Forces is growing by leaps and bounds. It offers many opportunities to aid the American boys in multitudes of ways, especially through my acquaintance with the Chinese language. It is surprising how much of a chaplain's work in this theater derives from facility in the language. This sometimes makes the chaplain wonder whether he really does not run a glorified messenger service — as in fact he often does."

New Frontiers

"SINCE I last wrote Maryknoll, I have been on Guadalcanal, Tulagi, and Okinawa," writes Marine Corporal Ray Corey, of Scranton, a convert to the Church.

"Our chaplain said, at our first Mass here on this island, that if we got nothing out of the invasion of any value it would

Gen. Frank Dorn, in charge of Chinese ground troops, friend of Fr. Tennien

still be greatly worth while, because the Blessed Sacrament was brought here by our Army for the first time in many years. I hope Maryknoll can have missions all over the world when the war is over.

"There is not much to say about the place where I now am, except that the weather is beautiful, the country is mountainous, and the people are Japanese farmers. Strangely, they are not too friendly with Japan. I was with an interpreter one day when he interviewed some civilians. He asked them who they thought would win the war. One old farmer pointed to the sky, which at that time was swarming with United States planes.

"Said the old man: 'You don't see any Japanese planes up there, do you? America will win!'

"The Japanese used to take 90% of the people's crops, and it is a pity to see the poverty they live in. They do not seem to know just what is going on all around them, although we try to keep them out of the way of our troops, and advise them to stay in their homes. We stay in our fox-holes after dark, but these poor people



Marine Cpl. Ray Corey, of Scranton

cannot get the idea through their heads, and they start moving from place to place at night in front of our positions. A machine gun opens up, and in the morning there are more civilians to be buried."

Let us have in mind in our prayers and acts of expiation not only our eternal salvation, but also that of all mankind.—PIUS XI.

Bishop Paschang, Msgr. Romaniello, and Fr. Greene here seem to enjoy this meeting with United States Army friends, now in the South China Theater





Maryknoll muleteers, Fathers Martin and Verhagen, with Tepic citizen

Saddle Soliloquy

by JOHN M. MARTIN

Hours in the saddle offer precious opportunities to ponder the glories of nature and of God, according to Maryknoller from Milwaukee

THERE is no better place to meditate than a good sturdy saddle on the back of a mule, in the mountains of Central America.

Saint Teresa of Avila used to say that one should be physically comfortable in order to meditate properly. That may be the reason why my own thoughts could not be collected easily during my first days on these rugged mission trails. The saddle simply was not comfortable, nor was the rider. The only reason I did not eat my

supper standing before the mantelpiece during those days, was that there are no mantelpieces in this forest primeval.

But after several years on the trail — one Maryknoller chalked up 654 muleback hours in a year — I find that meditation comes readily. The steady rhythm of the mule's hoofs is soothing and conducive to thought. The cadence may also induce haunting melodies in the subconscious mind, with old tunes like "I've got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle" occurring most frequently, in unison with the clumpety-clump-clump of the hoofbeats.

Riding twelve hours daily in the saddle, one observes scenes that inspire and stimulate the mind and lead to the highest form of meditation. Amid the grandeur of the wilderness, one feels like the student newly

arrived at the Maryknoll Junior Seminary in California. Observing the gorgeous view of Santa Clara Valley, with its backdrop of Sierra mountains, he exclaimed, "Gee, Father, it's easy to think of God in a place like this!"

Sees the Sunrise

ONE of the joys of travel in Central America is that here, too, it is easy to think of God. On one mountaintop in my "parish," one can see seven mountain ranges to the right, five others to the left, and the Pacific Ocean glistening sixty miles away. And at night when the traveler is rolled in a blanket on a bed of pine needles, gazing upward at the Milky Way and watching innumerable stars fall from the heavens, it is easy to raise one's heart to God. In the early morning, as one peers out through the folds of an all-enveloping blanket while lying snuggled against the warmth of the mule's body, it is enthralling to observe the glories of the approaching day.

As day breaks, an altar is erected on a large flat stone, and the Saviour of all nations is summoned in His Eucharistic Presence to bless this isolated spot in the wilderness. The wind blows out the candles, and it necessitates the anchoring of the Holy Host with the purificator; but this does not detract from the sublimity of the Mass.

In the saddle, the traveler learns the value of simple things. When the trail is lost, and wild thunder and lightning herald an approaching storm, how welcome is the sight of smoke arising from the thatch-covered hut of a near-by Indian! One learns, too, the glory of sunshine and of rain, and of pure, cold mountain water.

When the going is slow, a mule's back is perhaps the best place to say the Divine Office, since one finds inspiration in the high mountains and the deep, green valleys. There is no other place to say the Office, in fact, for even lunch is eaten while the luncher is in the saddle, and riding continues until the fall of night.

Father Nolan arrives by pack mule to visit superior, Father Craig



MARYKNOLL FOREIGN ASSIGNMENTS-1945



MEN OF **MARYKNOLL**

Roll Out the Barrel!—The band came around early this morning, and at 4:45 A.M. they were serenading. They played before Mass and after Mass, the constant refrain being "Roll Out the Barrel." In view of my size, I wondered whether they referred to me! But this *fiesta* is not so colorful as the one last September. Nor are there so many visitors. The rainy season is due, and the out-of-town people do not care to get caught in the rain.

— *Father Thomas F. Wynne,*
of Brooklyn, New York,
now in Quevedo, Ecuador

Medicine Man: I was in the dispensary, when a sick call came from Sz Hgoh. These sick calls are often surprising. This time there were two persons really sick, a grandfather and his daughter-in-law. I anointed the old gentleman and gave him Viaticum and the last blessing. He had introduced his own village and several other villages to the Faith, and later had lapsed himself. Then, at the end, his good deeds were aiding him, and he made an admirable confession. I anointed the girl also, as she seemed to be in danger.

— *Father Michael J. McKiernan,*
of Pomeroy, Washington,
now in Sz Wong, South China

Jungle Padre:—We bake our own tiles and bricks here. The bricks are for walls,

the tiles for roofs. When we arrived, we knew little about this tile-making art; but through a trial-by-error method, we built an oven and produced our first tiles. Now we are getting along famously. During the dry season, I will build the church-school, and little hospital. The Indians and I do most of the work ourselves, just as did the Padres and the Indians of early California.

— *Father Ambrose Graham,*
of New York City,
now in Riberalla, Bolivia

Farm Demonstration:—The boys and I have been clearing away the brush in my back yard, where I hope to start a vegetable garden. It will supply myself and the Fathers in near-by villages. I also wish the garden to be a demonstration to the local gentry; for if the people here will grow and eat vegetables, their health will improve, and they can sell excess produce in near-by towns for a good profit. I have come to the conclusion that practically all of the ills of these poor people are caused by undernourishment. The land is fertile and can easily supply everything necessary for their diet. The problem is to educate the people. This I hope my garden will help to accomplish.

— *Father William Homrocky,*
of Cleveland, Ohio,
now in Huehuetenango, Guatemala

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

Yes, We Can Get Money to China. The money you send for our work in Free China is *getting to China*, and is helping. Help was never more needed!

They Knock Each Other Down, tussling in the dining room; they play games all over the main streets of Cobija, Bolivia. They are rough and noisy, like young lads anywhere else. Father Bonner wants a recreation center with a library, game rooms, gymnasium, meeting hall—all their own. A gift of \$1,000 for such a building would make a fine memorial.



A Letter from Father Kiernan: "We plan to open two new missions, and in each we need a heating stove and a hot-water heater. We can buy them, second-hand, for \$125 and \$200 respectively. You must mention the costs, as no one would believe the prices of such things could be so high down here in Peru!"

A Man of God—a native priest—can exercise enormous influence in Peru or in China. Native seminarians can be educated for \$150 a year. We ask friends of Maryknoll to help educate such collaborators, so that the Church may strike its roots deep into the soil of the lands we serve.

Do You Like Music in Church? Mission peoples like it, too! We invite contributions for four portable organs, at \$90 each, for Central America.

Father, Come Quickly! If the missionary is to help the sick, he must carry a medical kit and a sick-call kit. To provide one medical kit for Ecuador costs \$25. Can some friends spare that amount?

One Missioner—One Day—One Dollar! That is the average cost of our operations.

Sponsors are needed; that is, persons willing to undertake support of a missionary for one, two, five, or ten days out of each month. Will you be a sponsor?

A Revolution destroyed part of a church in Central America years ago. The parish is today under the care of Father Koechel and his fellow priests. So Mass is again being said in the old church—but the sum of \$2,000 is needed to repair the long-standing damage. We believe that someone may wish to provide this money.

If You Need a Snake-bite Kit at all, you need it desperately! It costs only \$2.50, but its value is the difference between life and death. We wish to buy five such kits for missions in the snake country of Guatemala. Who will help?

Vestments and Work Clothes do not go together. But to keep down the cost of living, missionaries raise much of their own food, so they need work clothes. Ten pairs of work shoes and ten pairs of overalls are urgently sought. The total cost is about \$50. Have you all or part of this sum to spare?



JUNGLE EQUIPMENT — URGENTLY NEEDED

Camping equipment:

| | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Pup tent..... | \$10.00 |
| Kerosene lantern..... | 1.60 |
| Folding cot..... | 7.50 |
| Camp axe..... | 2.25 |
| Hunting knife..... | 3.00 |
| Cooking utensils..... | 20.00 |

Sleeping equipment:

| | |
|-------------------|-----------|
| Sleeping bag..... | \$12.00 |
| Blankets (2)..... | each 8.50 |

| | |
|------------------------|------------|
| Kapok pillow..... | 1.25 |
| Mosquito nets (5)..... | each 10.00 |
| Face net..... | 1.50 |

Personal equipment:

| | |
|----------------------|--------|
| Leggings..... | \$2.50 |
| Khaki trousers..... | 4.00 |
| Riding breeches..... | 5.00 |
| Duffel bag..... | 3.85 |
| Snake-bite kit..... | 2.50 |
| Water canteen..... | 1.75 |

Buy War Bonds *Series F or G* in the name of our special corporate title, and send them to us as stringless gifts.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS' MISSION SOCIETY, INC.



Harvest Time:—The cutting of the grain at Maryknoll Apostolic College, Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, draws attention to the whitening harvest of souls waiting for the arrival of Maryknoll missionaries in the Far East, the Philippines, Hawaii, Central America, Guatemala, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile. Can you pay at least part of the \$500 required to equip and transport each missionary? See page 29.

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